

TRENCH FIGHTING BY MOPPING-UP PARTY

When the Germans Were Beaten to It by the American Marines

Their mopping-up party started down through it, throwing dozens of their potato-masher grenades. But there was nobody in the trench to kill. An automatic-rifle team was stationed at C, with a field of fire covering the three directions indicated. When he heard all the commotion in the Balzac trench, the gunner moved his rifle so as to fire into that trench to meet the advancing Germans. He kept the stream of fire on them as he would a hose. They could not face the music. The leader of the party had a hundred holes in the trench. The party did not reach its objective.

The other party, led by the two lieutenants, had a desperate bit of business to get done. Each lieutenant carried a big-explosive infernal machine, made by arranging 20 sticks of powerful explosive, like dynamite, into a bundle wrapped securely in burlap. Inserted in the charge was a detonator with fuse attached. The lieutenants surrounded by their men, were to crush their way to the tops of the dugouts. With wires fastened to the bundles, they were to hang them from above, down into the dugouts, and set them off. It was a piece of high-class stuff and required an officer to carry it out. It is only by the use of some such powerful explosive that a dugout can be destroyed and everybody killed. A grenade will not do it. It will not destroy the dugout, and some of the occupants may survive. The dugouts were not full of men, as the enemy anticipated. There was one man in one of them. The others were out in the melee that was now growing desperate. The one man was getting ready as fast as he could to get out. The German first lieutenant stood on the top of the dugout. He was peeling off his silk gloves, ready to dangle that frightful piece of mechanism in front of the door of the dugout into the hands of the German corporal, who was at his appointed place to carry it inside. The American saw the German in the doorway. With a 45 he scored a perfect hit. A hole the size of a quarter was put into the front of the helmet and a similar one behind. Some one from somewhere saw the two lieutenants. There was one lying on top of each dugout. This ended the party.

(From "Fighting in France with the Marines," by Lieut. Newton Jenkins, Infantry, U. S. A., in the January Scribners.

KIRBY

Kirby reached her quota and 25 per cent over in the recent drive for funds for relief in the Near East.

Mrs. H. A. Bryant from St. Johnsbury visited her cousin, Mrs. W. A. Morse, near of last week.

Miss Madeline McGill spent the week end with Miss Belle Fairbanks at her home in Sutton.

Frank McGill went Monday to Lisbon to work for the Parker Young Co.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Edmunds visited friends at East St. Johnsbury Sunday.

NOTICE

The death of my husband leaves some uncollected bills for shoes delivered in St. Johnsbury in May and June, 1918. All who received the shoes from him and are still owing for them will please send the money to me at Whitefield, N. H.

MRS. W. H. WHEATON

Buy Swasey Bean Pots

Of your Grocer, Hardware Dealer or Crockery Store. Be sure and get a Swasey Bean Pot and enjoy good baked beans. No way to make beans as with a Swasey Bean Pot. Name on every one.

E. SWASEY & CO., Portland, Me.

PREVENT

INFLUENZA

If you are "run down" or out of condition, if sluggish bowels have allowed poisonous impurities to accumulate in your system you are liable to suffer severely with the grip. Dr. True's Elixir, the famous household remedy of 67 years' reputation, may ward off the grip or make an attack light and easily thrown off. Why? Because

DR. TRUE'S ELIXIR

is a vegetable medicine that puts the system in good condition, prevents and relieves constipation, stimulates the appetite and improves the digestive powers. It can do no harm. It is purely vegetable. Ask your druggist for it, or write DR. J. P. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me. 40c. 60c. \$1.00.

PROGRESS OF THE ARMENIAN DRIVE

Ring Message from President Wilson

The campaign for "Relief in the Near East" is well under way in St. Johnsbury.

The various local churches gave splendid assistance in bringing this matter to the attention of the people and the meeting at the Armory Monday night settled all doubts as to the immediate necessity of this campaign.

No one who heard General Azgapan Monday night could fail to be touched by his description of the terrible conditions which have existed and still exist in these stricken countries and no one who is able can fail to respond for relief funds.

St. Johnsbury's thirteen teams of solicitors are now busy canvassing the town and beginning tomorrow the Caledonian will publish reports showing the progress of each of these thirteen teams of workers.

This campaign is backed by the great statesmen and prominent men of our country including Hon. William Howard Taft, Hon. Charles Evans Hughes, Charles W. Eliot, James Cardinal Gibbons, Vance C. McCormick, Henry Morgenthau, John R. Mott, and many others, and it is urged by the President in the following proclamation:

For more than three years American philanthropy has been a large factor in keeping alive Armenian, Syrian, Greek and other exiles and refugees of Western Asia.

On two former occasions I have appealed to the American people in behalf of these homeless sufferers, whom the vicissitudes of war and massacre had brought to the extreme end of the earth.

The response has been most generous, but now the period of rehabilitation is at hand. Vastly larger sums will be required to restore these once prosperous, but now impoverished, refugees to their former homes than were required merely to sustain life in their desert exile.

It is estimated that about 4,000,000 Armenian, Syrian, Greek and other war sufferers in the Near East will require outside help to sustain them through the winter. Many of them are now hundreds of miles from their homeland. The vast majority of them are helpless women and children, including 400,000 orphans.

The American Committee for Relief in the Near East is appealing for a minimum of \$30,000,000 to be subscribed January 12-19, 1919, with which to meet the most urgent needs of these people.

I, therefore, again call upon the people of the United States to make even more generous contributions than they have made heretofore to sustain through the winter months those, who, through no fault of their own, have been left in a starving, shelterless condition, and to help re-establish these ancient and sorely oppressed people in their former homes on a self-supporting basis.

WOODROW WILSON.

The White House,
29 November, 1918.

The campaign in Massachusetts had to be postponed because the state committee was not ready, but it is going on splendidly in other parts of the country.

Vermont is ready and working. Caledonia county is ready. St. Johnsbury is ready. Watch us deliver the goods.

Have you made your subscription yet?

Now is the time.

Let's all help.

ANNUAL MEETING

Officers Elected at the North Congregational Church

The annual meeting of the North church was held in the chapel Wednesday night. Previous to the business an excellent supper was served to over 200 people.

The reports of the year preceded the election of officers. The registrar's report showed a total membership of 548, including 191 non residents. The membership of the Sunday school is 314.

Greetings were brought from the South church by J. H. Brooks in a very felicitous manner. A pleasing feature of the occasion was the presentation to Frank H. Brooks of a testimonial in recognition of his long and faithful services as choir director. Mr. Brooks was taken completely by surprise and responded with much feeling.

Some of the officers and committees elected were as follows:

Clerk, Arthur F. Stone.
Registrar, Mrs. Ella S. Truax.
Assistant Registrar, Josephine M. Woods.

Treasurer, Fabian S. Reed.
Receiver of Offerings, Willard V. Orent.

Auditors, Homer E. Smith, William A. Ide.

Deacon for six years, L. P. Slack.
Executive committee, three years, Miss Grace Rouse, Mrs. Theodore W. Chase, Charles W. Steele.

Business committee, A. B. Noyes, chairman; for three years, Gilbert E. Woods, John C. Clark.

Sunday School Superintendent, P. F. Hazen.
Assistant Superintendents, A. B. Noyes, C. A. Shields.

LT. ALBERT KINNEY WRITES HOME FOLKS

How the Germans Treated the Peasants Through the War

The following letter has been received from First Lieut. Albert Kinney, by his parents, Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Kinney of Greensboro, and it gives something of how an officer looks on the Germans and the way they treated those who came into their hands. First Lieut. Albert Kinney is in the Medical Corps of the British Army and has had an unusual chance to observe things.

Chissignies, France.
Dec. 11, 1918

Dear Ones—

It is Sunday night again and feels like the first of winter all right. There was a hard frost this morning and has been cold all day although it has thawed and I believe it is getting ready to rain tonight. But from the feeling and sound of the wind one would expect to look out and see the snow swirling. However we are more comfortably situated than when I last wrote you for we have moved into a big chateau just back of the village which hasn't more than three or four shell holes in it and the broken glass has been replaced with oil cloth, so that with fires we are very comfortable.

My roommate is a young Scotch engineer student acting as signal officer to the Brigade and I like him because he is always so happy and singing and whistling, especially when he gets up in the morning. Sort of makes you feel the day is starting off right. He has so many B r r r's that I do not always know what he is talking about but that doesn't matter, we get along fine. One thing I shall always have to thank this war for is the experience I have had in being thrown into close companionship with men from every part of the world where white men live or congregate, Australia, New Zealand, India, Burma, China, Africa, South America, Canada, Ireland, Scotland, England and occasionally one from some place I never heard of before, and getting to know their ideas and methods of living. For the most part the ones you meet out here are men! Well I have something to brag about this week. I can count up ten letters I have received from you since I wrote last, ranging from Oct. 19th to Nov. 6th and there are still some before that which I haven't received yet. I am more grateful to you mother, than I can tell, for writing me every day how Lillian was even if I didn't get them until I had received letters from her, telling me that she was all right again or nearly I am very thankful that she came through all right and that none of the rest of you contracted the flu. I hope the good fortune is still continuing. I really do not see how father stood such an amount of work without getting sick. Lillian wrote me that there was great celebrating on the day the armistice was signed, or was supposed to have been signed. I see now the "Poor Starving German People" (?) are groveling in good shape. Well, I wish I had the fixing of the terms—the bones of every last one of them would rattle before I'd give them even a crumb of mouldy bread! The shoe was on the other foot a few weeks ago when they were dealing with our prisoners and the civil population in these occupied territories. They gave them nothing and obliged them to sell all their property for German notes that wouldn't have been worth the paper they were written on in case they had been victorious. As it is I hope the Allies will make them redeem them. They had a fine system of extortions and "discipline." For instance they took an inventory of all the hens a man had and obliged him to produce for "Sale" so many eggs for hen per week and if the eggs weren't forthcoming he was fined an outrageous amount for each egg shy. Consequently as the internal workings of the hen could not very well be controlled, the hens mysteriously disappeared one by one and now it is impossible to buy an egg. If a civilian failed to raise his hat to a German officer he was fined a large sum. And they were severely punished on the slightest provocation or slapped in the face or knocked down for no provocation at all.

I saw one seventeen or eighteen year old girl with marks or manacles still on her wrists where she had been chained to a tree for some trifling offense. I wish all the people at home in the Allied countries could see these people in the condition we found them immediately after the Huns had left, and our prisoners as they came staggering back, two thirds starved and only half covered by their filthy rags swarming with vermin, and see how big a budget they would subscribe to keep Germany from starving! Well, I guess this is enough for this time on my pet theme. Weston's leave is up tomorrow and I suppose it will take him about two days more to get back, and then I shall be back with the Ambulance again and I shall not be sorry. I had a telegram from cousin George Kimman tonight telling me it would be convenient for them to have me, so I think I shall put in for leave as soon as I get back to the Ambulance. It will be all right for me to go to Ireland now that the U boats are practically all in Allied hands, won't it mother? I had my experience with them too coming over, but I'll tell you about that when I get home.

Haven't heard when I am going home yet, but rather think it will be in the course of two or three months and maybe sooner, if Germany succeeds in signing peace terms immediately! Well good bye for this time. I hope you are all well and comfortable. With much love to all,

ARTHUR HEON OUT OF PRISON CAMP

Lived on a Diet of Boiled Leaves and Horseflesh

Albert Heon has received a letter from Arthur Heon, who has recently been liberated from a German prison camp.

Vichy, Dec. 17, 1918

Dear Albert—

It is a long time since I wrote to you because in Germany they would not let us write only to our folks. If we wrote to some one else they would throw the letter away. So now I am out of Germany I can write to anyone I please, and, believe me, it seems good to be out with people that you can understand and to be able to go where you please without having a guard to walk behind with a gun. Believe me, that war is hell. The man that said that did not lie, and a thing I'll never forget is the good Red Cross. They saved our lives in Germany. All the Germans would give us was hot water with potatoes in it and very few of them. They would give us that soup twice a day and a cup of boiled leaves for coffee in the morning and one slice of black bread. We called it shoe polish because it was black as polish. And when we would get meat it was some old horses that had been killed in 1915-16, and they would can the stuff and gave it to us. Our sleeping places were a few boards nailed together and an old bag full of leaves and paper and two old blankets that were like handkerchiefs. If you covered your shoulders your feet were out and if you covered your feet, your body was out; and there were so many fleas and bed bugs and lice they would carry your bed away if you did not watch it. It was some life, believe me. A man can not realize what war is until he has been in it, and I am glad that there is not any more of the family in it. One is enough. There are some people here that have as many as four or five killed in this terrible war. It is a shame. Most all the women we see in this country are dressed in black. There are not many men left in France or in Germany.

I hope to be with you at New Years.

From ARTHUR P. HEON.

OUR BANKS HOLD ANNUAL MEETING

Edward G. Asselin Succeeds the Late Alexander Cochran on the Merchants Bank Directorate

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Citizens Savings Bank & Trust Company the following directors were elected for the coming year: Alden L. Bailey; Henry N. Stevens, North Craftsbury; Joseph Fairbanks; Andrew C. Ritchie, West Barnet; Fred D. Gilman; Haddon W. Lyster, Lyndonville; Harvey W. Varnum, Jeffersonville; Frank G. Landrum; Riley W. Densmore, West Burke.

The directors organized by electing Mr. Bailey president, Mr. Stevens, vice-president, John T. Ritchie, treasurer, and Gilbert E. Woods, assistant treasurer. These are the same directors and officers as last year and the other employees of this institution were also appointed.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank these directors were elected: John C. Clark, Charles H. Stevens, Walter P. Smith, Frank H. Brooks, William A. Ricker, Zeno S. Waterman, George W. Calbeck. The directors organized by electing Mr. Clark president, Mr. Stevens vice-president, and Homer E. Smith cashier. These are the same directors and officers as last year.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Merchants National Bank these directors were elected: Elmore T. Ide, Harry Blodgett, Truman R. Stiles, George H. Cross, Leslie H. Thornton, Charles W. Rutter, Edward G. Asselin. The latter succeeds the late Alexander Cochran on the board. The directors organized by electing Mr. Ide president, Harry Blodgett, vice-president, Charles W. Rutter was elected cashier, F. H. Philburt, assistant cashier, H. C. Abbott, teller. These are the same as last year.

Alas, Too True.

"Many Millions Short."—Newspaper headline. Lots of persons go on the supposition that you can't believe everything you read in the newspapers, but how few, oh, how few, will doubt this!

Paymaster for the Party.

As an inducement to Cecil, aged four, to attend Sunday school for the first time, she was allowed to carry the pennies to be put into the collection envelope. When the class monitor came around the teacher and the rest of the class were very much amused to hear her say in her most dignified tones, "Here, girls, I will pay the fares."

perience with them too coming over, but I'll tell you about that when I get home.

Haven't heard when I am going home yet, but rather think it will be in the course of two or three months and maybe sooner, if Germany succeeds in signing peace terms immediately! Well good bye for this time. I hope you are all well and comfortable. With much love to all,

ALBERT.

WHY THE "ROCK OF THE MARNE" STOOD FAST

Sergt. Kiebeck Writes of the Bravery of the Thirty-eighth U. S. Infantry

THE COL LED THE GALLANT TROOPS

Individual Deeds of Heroism Too Numerous to Recount

(By Sergeant Victor B. Kiebeck, Liaison Unit, 38th U. S. Infantry.)

Mailed from the Front Nov. 5, 1918

As irresistible as the surging waves of the incoming tide, waves of American fighting men have swept into and over German strongholds and far into enemy territory in the Valley of the Meuse.

With the smashing, hammering, rock-destroying power of storm driven surf, American shock troops have struck wherever the Kaiser's wall of men and steel threatened to hold.

The waves have steadily advanced and the "neck of the bottle" through which Prussia's legions sought to escape almost certain annihilation is closed. Therefore for the glorious retreat of the Hun lines from Belgium, for the glorious sweep forward of the allied armies, and for the imminent collapse of the House of Hohenzollern give America's first army its meed of thanks.

Among all regiments that went into action in the Valley of the Meuse the one that distinguished itself the most was the Thirty-eighth United States Infantry, the famous Rock of the Marne. A regiment of veterans who won undying glory by alone stopping two divisions of Germans in the enemy drive of July 14-15, and led by Colonel Frank H. Adams, winner of the Distinguished Service Cross, they fully merit the honor of being used as shock troops by the allied high command.

A hard task was allotted to the Thirty-eighth. They were ordered to break through some of the Germans' strongest defences, go on, and prepare the way for other Americans to follow. In later years, when historians record the deeds of our men on this sector of the western front, it will be written that the Thirty-eighth did its big bit with noble heroism.

Meanwhile I will write briefly of what the regiment has just done and endured.

After several days and nights of marching over roads and fields that were being pounded by enemy long range guns the Thirty-eighth took up a position before the German lines and prepared to attack.

Just as the sun swung into position one morning not long ago the word was given and the boys went over the top.

What happened as the battalions formed waves and advanced is almost beyond the power of imagination to picture or words to describe.

From their carefully prepared positions in trenches on the crest of a hill, and in thick woods, the enemy greeted us with an awful salvo of fire.

Immense batteries of artillery hurled tons of shrieking shells upon us. Great, jagged pieces of metal tore gaping holes in our lines.

But we went on!

Machine guns concealed in scores of nests ahead and on flank positions sang their terrifying tack-tack-tack song while the murderous little steel missiles moved us down. Whizz bang shells ripped and tore at our ranks and clouds of gas choked and smothered us.

Still we went on!

Never stopping, not even to aid fallen comrades, the boys of the Thirty-eighth swept on, unflinchingly, unhesitatingly.

Shock troops must be of hero blood. They must ungrudgingly pay the toll—and advance.

The Rock of the Marne rolled on resistlessly through the terrible hell of German steel, leaped German trenches, striking down the few foes who dared to remain and clash bayonets. Machine gun nests were surrounded and the crews exterminated by our men. With never lessening force the regiment rolled on, merciless, relentless, gloriously brave.

The colonel led his troops. Coolly grinning, he dared the worst of the German fire, cheering and encouraging the men by his presence. I saw him standing at the edge of a thick forest, smoking a cigar and calmly studying the positions to which his men were going. One company passed close to him and he called to them:—"You've got them on the run, boys. All you've got to do now is to keep them going."

The soldiers looked into their leader's fearless smiling face, smiled back at him and went on with renewed courage and impetus.

A second lieutenant was hit in the head by a machine gun bullet that

tore through his helmet, ripped a long, mean wound in his scalp and passed out of the helmet again. A wicked wound that would have stopped most men, but it didn't stop that officer. He went on, and when he was ordered to the rear he begged permission to remain with his platoon.

A captain was struck in the stomach, but he went on and took his company to the objective. Then he sent a field message to the colonel:—"I have taken hill—Sorry I couldn't go further for you. I am wounded." Within a few hours that hero joined the host of those who have died for America.

A private staggered past me with a shrapnel torn arm dripping blood. "The first aid station is the other way," I shouted, pointing to the rear. "First aid station be damned!" he exclaimed. "I'm trying to catch up to my company."

Individual deeds of heroism were too numerous to recount. Every man in the regiment proved his heroism when he took the fiery test and stepped under the terrific storm of death that poured from the sky and burst from dirt emplacements and thickets.

Nightfall found the men of the Thirty-eighth feverishly digging in, with the day's work well done. They had reached the objective of their first attack. But they were not to be left in peace while preparing their dugouts. Many squads had to dig and shoot in turn. I saw one group of men at work, four of them making the dirt fly with picks and shovels, while the other four were busy with their rifles, making Fritz keep his head down and refrain from shooting until the dugout had been finished.

That night few men slept. The Germans ceaselessly kept up their fire; shells tore holes in the ground all around us and clouds of gas forced us to keep our respirators on.

The next day began a series of attacks, made for the purpose of weakening and breaking the lines ahead of us. Never did the boys receive an order to go ahead but what they gladly threw themselves against the foe, smashing and hammering their way to their objectives.

Snipers made life miserable at all times, but we generally evened scores with them. One man located a sniper's nest. He salvaged an abandoned German anti-tank gun and played that on the gray uniformed devil who had been taking toll of our men whenever they exposed themselves within range. The big anti-tank bullets did weak havoc in the sniper's place of business. He is no more and he cannot be found, and he was not buried.

During one of the night watches a company of bold Germans ventured a counter attack. But it was a surprised company of Huns that beat a precipitate retreat when a hail of bullets showed them that their observers had not located all of our machine gun emplacements.

Attacking with the ferocity of lions and enduring as only hardy, brave men can endure, the gallant Rock of the Marne, Thirty-eighth United States Infantry shock regiment, broke the strongest of Hindenburg's lines and opened a gap through which other American soldiers have poured to deal with their bullets the fate of autocruacy.

CHRISTMAS ROLL CALL OF THE RED CROSS

Nearly Seventy-five Hundred Joined in Caledonia County

Below are the final figures as given on the "Red Cross Membership Drive" held at Christmas time, covering the Caledonia County Chapter:

Barnet	674
Burke	203
Danville	421
Greensboro	236
Groton	216
Hardwick	347
Kirby	84
Lyndon	1654
Newark	60
Peacham	249
Rycgate	330
Sheffield	65
Stannard	12
Sutton	96
Walden	146
Waterford	175
Wheelock	44
St. Johnsbury	2303

In analyzing these figures we find almost every town did better than a year ago. Our greatest loss was in the town of Hardwick, which came in over 500 names less than last year. Had this town, Groton and Walden, held up to their last year's totals even we should have gone well over 7000, but they had good reasons for this in that a second attack of the influenza, and a bad year in the granite business, made it more difficult for their workers.

This was a drive that entailed a lot of detail upon every one connected with it. It meant literally a call on every member of each village and community, probably an army of 400 more workers. A drive for \$10,000 with no limit to the amount asked from each person would have been raised much easier, and more quickly, than was brought in by this "every member canvass limited to \$1.00 each."

The county chairman, A. R. Brooks, wants to thank every town chairman and the efficient workers with them, for their efforts in making this the success it was, which is well above the average accorded to the other counties of the state.

EDWARD T. FAIRBANKS

A Personal Tribute from Rev. Dr. A. P. Grint

May I be permitted to say a word concerning the Rev. Edward T. Fairbanks? Others will speak from a longer and a larger knowledge of his unique personality, but those of us who have valued his friendship cannot altogether keep silence.

When I came to St. Johnsbury in 1910, upon my first visit to the Public Library, Dr. Fairbanks greeted me with both hands, bidding me a hearty welcome. This acquaintance ripened soon into friendship, and it was not long before I began to be drawn by characteristics that to me were overpowering. And now that his course has been run, I think St. Johnsbury is agreed that we have lost our First Citizen. And if this be true, what a tribute this means! In other lands the First Citizen is measured by rank and wealth. But in our democratic country it is otherwise. Roosevelt was not wealthy. Yet he gripped the hearts of men. Dr. Fairbanks likewise, and we are all mourning today. St. Johnsbury's First Citizen has passed from our midst!

The Christian gentleman is difficult to define. It means culture, an indwelling unselfishness, an outflowing love, courtesy, the graces that are sometimes contemptuously regarded as etiquette. Broken never succeeded in drawing the Christian gentleman. But Thackeray's Colonel Newcome is fiction's masterpiece. When we are all mourning the Christian gentleman today, I cannot help recalling as so appropriate Newcome's last hours: "At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly bent time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile stole over his face, and he lifted up his head a little and quietly said 'Adum', and fell back. It was the word he used at school when names were called; and lo, whose heart was as that of a little child had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master." May we again venture into fiction's illuminating and suggestive world when our loss is in our mind and on our heart? In Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" where is drawn a character that is unique in literature, The Bishop, overwhelmingly good, whose all-attractive humanity extends a loving forgiving hand to an unfortunate so that a life is revolutionized for heavenly things.

The undersigned has little knowledge, of course, of Dr. Fairbanks' college days. But when a student at Yale is "slapped" for Scroll and Key, outsiders know that his contemporaries made no mistake in the measure of this man. For practically the rest of his life he lived in our midst. And St. Johnsbury soon began to know him, measure him, then to love him. Not only as the Christian gentleman, but also as the pastor, the theologian, the traveler, the scholar, the writer, the lover of children, the good citizen, ever interested in the uplift of the community in which he lived. May I add also that as a scientist he was known to many of us. And although I would not venture to class him as a Darwinist, yet his paper on evolution was a marvel, to all privileged to hear it, for its knowledge and humor.

Our town only recently lost Elisha May, who occupied a unique position because of his broad loving humanity. And now another "great man" has passed away in an honored old age. St. Johnsbury has suffered another loss, and our town is mourning today.

ALFRED POOLE GRINT.

Below are the final figures as given on the "Red Cross Membership Drive" held at Christmas time, covering the Caledonia County Chapter:

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